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ENGLAND'S WELCOME

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS



*The very Heart will melt itself away
Unless replenished with the genial ray
Of Love's enduring summer . . .*

THE

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA,

OF

DENMARK,

ON THE 7TH MARCH, 1863.

Windsor:

PRINTED BY W. F. TAYLOR, 13, HIGH STREET.

1863.

1. **A**LL England waits to give you
A WELCOME to our shore,
And with such *Hope* receive you
No Princess raised before.
2. One *Thought* has seized the people,—
One Impulse sways their mind :—
From balustrade and steeple,
It is eddying on the wind :—
3. From out triumphal Arches,
With Standards side by side :
In the swelling mass that marches
Like a mighty human tide :—
4. In the booming of the cannon,
In the peal of merry bells ;
From the mighty Thames to Shannon,
From Caithness to Cornish fells ;—
5. In a thousand ways 'tis spoken,
By ten thousand thousands more,
Whose lusty cheers betoken,
You are *Welcome* to our shore.
6. For the Nations heart is swelling
With the warmth of holy Thought,—
How best to make our dwelling
Worth the Princess we have sought.

7. **A** thousand years have gone
Since your Danish sires came,
And by their valour won
The British Diadem.

8. Yet the Crown by *Battle* gained
 By that armed and mailéd host,
 But a period was sustained,
 And then in *Battle* lost !
9. Once again the nations meet,
 And their shout is heard afar ;
 But their *arms* are at their feet,
 And the shout is not of war.
10. There is music in the strain,—
 There is mirth on every face ;
 For a Maiden leads the train
 As the symbol-soul of Peace !
11. Come, Alexandra, come,
 Our willing homage move,—
 Make Britain your *abiding Home*
 By a *Victory of Love* !
-
12. ~~U~~ HOUGH you have left Relations
 Round DENMARK's stately throne ;
 Though Youth's associations
 Seem broken up and gone :
13. The farewell you have taken
 Can scarce a sigh have wrung,—
 No Friend need be forsaken,
 No kindred tie unstrung.
14. No, no, we would not sever
 Affection's filial chain,
 But bid you bind it ever
 Round the hearts you come to gain.—

15. ‘As dutiful the Daughter,
 As true in daily life,
 So sure will she hereafter
 Become as fond a wife.’
16. So runs our strong conviction :—
 Nor shall we prize you less
 That in your valediction
 You wept such *tenderness*.
17. As robes the Eastern sky
 In the roseate tints of morn,
 A message will each hue supply
 From the Land where you were born.
-
18. **Y**OUR Beauty wakes our pleasure,
 With the sweetness of your mind ;
 Still, still our chiefest treasure
 Is the *Heart* in you we find.
19. And as its pulses glow,
 Our own will madly fly ;
 Whilst every feeling leaps to show
 It’s kindling sympathy.
-
20. **O**UR *Nation* longs to love you
 With ardent heart and hand ;
 And with one voice approve you,
 First Daughter of the Land.
21. The Host that comes to greet you
 Are types of those away :
 The cheers that rise to greet you,
 Swell every wind to-day.

22. The Mighty and the Lowly,
 The Feeble and the Strong,
Catch up, with impulse holy
 The universal song,—
-

23. *“[¶]OD bless you and anoint you*
 “With grace for joys to come,
 “And in our hearts appoint you
 “A splendid happy Home.

24. *“For England longs to love you,*
 With ardent heart and hand;
 “And with one voice approve you,
 “First Daughter of the Land.
-

25. *¶THERE* are Virgins come to trace
 In early Spring-tide Flowers,
Your foot's first resting-place
 Upon this Isle of ours.

26. And o'er your gentle head
 They'll wave the garlands gay,
And all their fragrance shed,
 Like incense on your way.

27. 'Tis thus we would express
 Our love of Virtue's ways,
And robe *you* in that loveliness
 Her presence aye portrays.

28. For in the action lies
 This sentiment and more,—
That He who every gift supplies
 May sweeten all your store.

29. **O**UR Empire has its limits,
 But not that countless host,
 Whose ruling thought exhibits
 But a care to serve you most.

30. The Station we assign you
 Is close beside our Queen,
 Whose counsels will incline you
 To be loved as she has been.

31. O listen to her story,
 As Princess, Queen, and Wife ;
 Then the halo of her glory
 Will illuminate *your* life.

32. Yea, the coronet you wear,
 The more brilliant will become,
 By the perfect grace you bear
 In England's Royal Home.

33. **B**UT love our Prince and cherish
 His first rich love and true ;
 So ne'er that love will perish
 Which now we pour on you.

34. **G**OD bless your love and union,
 It's stream each morn renew ;
 And grant you that communion
 Which brings high Heaven in view.

35. For England *longs* to love you,
 With faithful heart and hand
 And with one voice approve you
 Right WELCOME to our land.

